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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

FORTUNE-FAVORED.

HOW JOHN JACOB ASTOR LAID THE FOUNDATION OF HIS WEALTH.

Bonanza Mackey as an Investor—A Fortunate Permit—Mrs. Mackey's Annual Expenditures in Paris—The Old Man Talks.

[New York Graphic.]

Speaking of John Jacob Astor the first, I can not help realizing the memory of conversations I have heard between him and my father when I was a boy.

"People think," said the old man, "that I have had an easy time of it, but that's a mistake. My early life was a hard struggle, and even my own brother refused to lend me money."

This brother was a butcher named Henry, pretty well off, with a stall in the Bare market—or Bear market as it got to be afterward called—and writhed under John Jacob's borrowings. One day, when the latter went to him for $200, Henry said: "John, I'll willingly give you $100 if you will promise me that you will never come to me again to borrow."

"I closed with the offer at once, and took the money," said Astor, laughing heartily.

I have heard him tell how he got his first start in life. He kept his store in Peck Slip, and there bought furs, almost any that were offered him, until he had a stock packed away that he could not realize on. What to do he did not know, but consulting with his wife, as he always did about everything, the conclusion was that he should go to London and sell them himself. This was carried out, and John Jacob carried his furs to London and made a good thing of it. While there, and wandering over the great city, he came across what was known as the East India House or Company, and recognized a name as chief of it as one familiar. He sought him and found a schoolmate in his native place in Germany. His schoolmate did not repudiate him, but tried to do everything he could to make Astor feel that he wanted to serve him, and, among the rest when he was leaving gave him a permit for a ship to trade in the China seas. John Jacob laughed at the gift, but took it, and had almost forgotten its possession, when one day something he heard made him go to a merchant named Livermore and propose that he find capital to fit out a ship and use the permit, and they should share the result. Livermore, at first rejecting the proposal, afterward accepted it, and the voyage was successfully undertaken, and from it Astor realized $50,000. Then he took the permit and fitted out a vessel himself and laid the foundation of his enormous fortune. John Jacob never denied that he owed his success in a large measure to the fact that he always consulted with his wife, whom I remember as a clear-headed, practical woman.

Musquitoes Killing Baby Trout.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The current number of Science contains a letter from Mr. C. H. Murray to Professor Baird, describing what he saw under the shade of some willows skirting a shallow place in a creek in the Gunnison valley, Colorado. A small swarm of musquitoes was circling over the water, where some fresh-hatched mountain-trout were readily discernible. Every few minutes the baby trout would rise to the surface of the water, and remain there an instant, with the tip of the head exposed. A musquito would at once alight upon the shining spot, and transfix the trout by inserting its proboscis, or bill, into the brain of the fish, which apparently was completely paralyzed and unable to escape. The persecutor would not relax its grip, but, holding its victim as in a vice, would extract all the vital juices from the trout's body. When this was accomplished the dead trout would turn over on his back and float down the stream. The observer witnessed the murder of twenty trout in this manner in the course of half an hour.

A Little "Mucilage" Amendment.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

Early legislation in Minnesota was not entirely wanting in amusing or novel features. A member of the house, still living, was a member of the engrossing committee, and finding a bill in which he was personally interested, drew an amendment materially changing its provisions and attached it to the bill without notifying any of his associates. "H. F. No.—" was reported back as correctly engrossed, but another member who was also personally interested, detected the unauthorized interpolation and, rushing up to the bland culprit, exclaimed: "What does this mean? That clause was not in when the bill passed the house." The urbane committeeman replied without a blush: "Oh, I put that in. It is nothing but one of those —— little mucilage amendments, and it don't amount to anything."

Something Wrong About Him.

[Texas Siftings.]

The editor-in-chief of a Texas paper remarked to the business manager:

"That new reporter seems to be an industrious sort of a man. He is a rustler, sure enough."

"Yes, but there is something weird and strange about him. There is a mystery about that young man which I cannot fathom."

"What do you mean?"

"He is the first reporter I have ever seen who did not ask to have some of his salary advanced to him before it was due. There is something crooked about that young man."

At the Gate.

She (frigidly):

Allow you to kiss me good night ere you go?
I could not permit such a freedom—oh, no.

He (respectfully):

Excuse me. Of course you know best what is right
But I meant no offense, I assure you. Good night!

She (disappointedly):

The fool! He must certainly have a thick head,
To think for a moment I meant what I said

Picturesque Scenes Out of the Usual Line of Travel—Haciendas of the Valley of the Lerma—Stock in Trade.

[Mexican Cor. New York Sun.]

On the divide we are 10,000 feet above the sea. Now look back on the vast valley. Every detail is lost. There is only a great sweep of green, thinly veiled here and there by streaks of mist, shading into purple and blue. How wide the outlook is! It seems endless, because the further limit is undistinguishable from the sky, and a long way it is, seventy-five miles, as the crow flies, to the famous volcanoes, only visible now as their snowy tops catch the sun, and with difficulty distinguishable from the cloud crests behind. From our lofty vantage ground we command two valleys. This to the westward is the valley of the Lerma, one of the longest of the Mexican rivers, dominated by its own lofty peak, the extinct volcano of Nevada de Toluca. As the train winds in and out among the pine-covered hills, catching glimpses first of one and then of the other valley, one needs to keep his bearings well to know which for the moment lies beneath him.

The descent into the valley of the Lerma is even more delightful than the ascent from Mexico. The prospect is not perhaps so comprehensive, but one drops down more abruptly and sees things more distinctly. At intervals of our long spins around mule shoe curves cut in the face of the mountain, in the course of which we almost completely encircled two old towns so close that we could fairly see down into the court yards of the houses. The eye took in an immense stretch of valley, cultivated to its full capacity, marked off with rows of maguey or century plants, and alternating in plants of red soil, freshly tilled, and in green and yellow blocks of grain. The whole city of which we now get, with each opening of the hills, a distincter view, is Toluca. The ride over the mountains in the intervals where the broader prospects just described, are cut off, is wild and picturesque in the extreme. You spin around curves and up and down grades which would be utterly impracticable with any but a narrow gauge, with any engine but one all driving wheels and the best air-brake equipment. You plunge into a tunnel only to shoot out over a spidery iron bridge in a way so like a leap into the air as to startle you.

In the valley of the Lerma are great haciendas, with arched gateways and red-tiled roofs, and projecting rifle towers at the corners—veritable fortresses. You may be sure the wealthy don who owns it, has a vassalage like a feudal lord and vast flocks, and that when he visits the market at Toluca, he wears a sombrero covered with gold or silver lace, and a full pint of silver buttons down the outer seam of his close-fitting breeches, and has a heavily chased revolver at either hip. His heavily and richly caparisoned horse with bearskin-covered flanks and silver-mounted trappings is not less gorgeous than himself.

My destination on this trip was a little old town in the mountains, back from the railroad, 100 miles from Mexico. There have been mines in and about El Oro since before the conquest, so that it is a settled community, with inherited notions of its own. One sees panier-laden donkeys in the streets, women coming and going with jars on their heads to the old fountain in the plaza, and the pigs enjoy the freedom of the town. There is neither hotel nor inn. Why should there be? The natives never go anywhere, why should anybody come to them? Of the 3,000 estimated population, not above a score, I dare say, have ever been fifty miles from home. The plaza is shaded by tall gum or eucalyptus trees, such as you see everywhere in Mexico. For years the people have labored in the shafts and tunnels, and for years, on Sundays, the Indians on the hills and haciendas about have brought their supplies and held market in the plaza.

One of these markets is a quaint spectacle. Nothing in Mexico has seemed to me more picturesque and more suggestive of the conditions of the Mexican social problem. The Indians begin to pour in from all directions with the first light, some, indeed, to secure favorable locations, have camped on the spots where you find them. When I arrived, at 9 o'clock the day I attended, 300 or 400 persons were already assembled, seated about in rows on the hard flagging with their wares spread out before them. It was a pleasing picture, with its setting of low, tile-roofed, whitewashed adobes, the general animation, and the plenitude of color, gay rebosas and zerapes, swarthy skins, glossy black hair, and bright eyes. The Indian, with his Spanish admixture, is not ill looking, and Juan, in his white cottons, sandals, and broad-brimmed straw hat and zerape carried jauntily on his arm, and Caucha in her single short gown, girdled at the waist, with bust and shoulders indifferently covered, both possess points of beauty for the artist whose eye is not too exacting. A low hum of conversation fills the air. From half a dozen fires smoke and fumes ascend from cauldrons in which lard is being fried out, and a cloud of chaff surrounds the peddlers of maize, busy winnowing their grain by tossing it into the air in the intervals of trade. Umbrellas are extemporized of mats, and the dealers in fusible sweets protect their wares from the sun by utilizing their wraps for awnings.

Fruits there are, of course, and greens in endless variety. Red pottery, oddly ornamented in black designs; huge water jugs and pitchers that would make decorators of drain-tile sick with envy; their earthenware tortillas griddles, two feet in diameter, that resound to blows like gongs; plates, three for a centavo; pitchers two and griddles one, respectively, for a tlaco—one might fill his pantry shelves for a shilling. For another shilling he could buy a lava stone metate, and thus be the possessor of his own gristmill; and still another shilling would command mats to sit and sleep on. Here are toys and baskets, the latter really fine; chickens in coops and turkeys tethered by strings tied to a leg and held in the owner's hands. There are meats, and hides and leather, and no end of articles of which I did not know the names and could not conjecture the use. One marvels at the possible demand for these old keys, old pictures, odd nondescript articles of all sorts, survivals from old Spain, heirlooms, may be, about to be sacrificed to the owners' needs.

Little of the trade is of proportions demanding aught but coppers, and to change a 10-centavo piece—the national dime—would break almost any dealer, for more things will be carried away than sold, only to appear again on successive market days. One strong fellow, I observed, sat all day behind six puny bananas, which all night remained unsold, and five small pieces of lime constituted another's contribution to the market's opportunities for traffic. Twenty-five dollars, like enough, would have bought out every dealer at his own price in the whole market; but it would not be so easy to conjecture how many miles of weary back carriage over hot dusty roads, coming and going, and how many hours of patient industry were represented by those humble wares.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Bruce & Lee shipped this week to Hudson, Martin & Co., New Orleans, a car load of first-class sugar mules.

—Mr. Evan Warren will shortly go to Atlanta to live, having obtained employment with Redd & Cox, livery men of that city.

—Miss Belle Hughes will shortly remove he millinery establishment to Russel's store room on Main street, formerly occupied by the Steam Laundry.

—Mr. Andrew G. Whitley on Wednesday bought at public sale the fine farm of Mrs. Sallie J. Bright at $81.55 per acre. There are 308 acres in the tract.

—Jason Blackety was tried Tuesday at Junction City for shooting Micajah Rowsey and held in $200 bond for further trial. Unable to give bond he was committed to jail.

—Following the illustrious example of his next door neighbor, P. A. Marks, Mr. W. B. Holmes is having the outside of his grocery store on Main street painted and penciled.

—Mr. D. S. Maxwell, an old citizen of Boyle county, died Monday evening at his residence, from a complication of diseases. The interment took place Tuesday evening at Lebanon.

—The meeting at the Walnut M. E. Church still continues. Large congregations attend and great interest is manifested. Dr. H. C. Morrison, late of Louisville, assisted by Rev. E. H. Pearce, conducts the services.

—The authorities at Washington have issued a patent to W. R. Bowman, of this place, for the car-coupler recently invented by him. It is the opinion of everyone who has seen this invention that it must eventually come into general use.

—The Central Kentucky Medical Association met at the Clemens House at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning with Dr. W. Webb, of Bryantsville, in the chair and Dr. J. C. Bogle at his post as secretary. About 20 delegates were present.

—Mrs. Mary Bowman, local agent for the Southern Presbyterian Assurance Fund of Louisville, has just paid to the heirs of the late Allen Cook the sum of $4,000, amount of two policies taken out by Mr. Cook a short time before he was stricken with the illness which ultimately proved fatal.

—Mr. J. H. Davis has invented a soap which he calls Davis' Magic Soap and is manufacturing it in the rear of E. L. Russell's store-room on Main street. He says it can be retailed at 5 cents per pound and claims that it will cleanse clothes with very little labor and with no injury to the most delicate fabric.

—Mr. Richard Cox and Miss Mary E. Ward were married Tuesday evening at the court-house by County Judge Lee. The groom is a blind man and may be seen playing the fiddle on county court days in this and surrounding counties. Miss Ward is a daughter of Gatewood Ward, who lives on Ward's Branch, this county.

—Mr. Isaac Lyons will leave in a few days for Hot Springs to seek relief for rheumatism. Nearly every one visiting the Springs from this vicinity has returned cured or much better. Mr. Henry G Sandifer is absent in Louisville, a delegate to the Grand Masonic Lodge now in session. Mr. Frank Gilcher, another member of the Danville Lodge, is also in attendance.

—On Monday as Mrs. W. B. Moore and her little boy were crossing the railroad track which separates the farm of her husband from that of her father-in-law, an approaching train so frightened the horse she was driving that he ran away with the buggy and overturned it. Mrs. Moore and the child were both seriously bruised but neither the horse nor buggy were injured.

—The Lexington Convocation of the Protestant Episcopal church assembled at Trinity church in this place Monday evening at 7 o'clock. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. E. H. Ward, of Lexington. Other delegates present were Revs. H. H. Sneed, Mt. Sterling; R. E. Grubb, Lexington; E. H. Shepperd, Richmond; A. G. DeCarsey, Harrodsburg; W. G. McCready, Versailles; E. A. Penick, Frankfort, and S. S. Pentz, Danville. Mr. Wellington Harlan, of Harrodsburg, was present as a lay delegate. The Convocation will remain in session until Sunday evening next, during which time much business of interest to the church will be transacted.

—An exchange says that a folded newspaper placed under the coat in the small of the back is an excellent substitute for an overcoat. Now is the time to subscribe.—[Evansville Argus.

—Napoleon Wallace, a prominent member of society in the southern part of Green county, eloped with the wife of Sam Thompson, a neighbor. Wallace left a wife and several children, and Mrs. Thompson a family of four. Just before leaving Wallace had been to church, where a revival was in progress, and prayed in public.

—Craig Tolliver, the Rowan county desperado, was acquitted at Cincinnati of robbing his mother-in-law. The scamp immediately sent his compliments to Gov. Knott, whom he unjustly holds partly responsible for his arrest and extradition to Ohio, and said he awaited orders for him to stand trial in Indiana, Illinois or California, but hoped, as he was as poor as Job's turkey, that he would first be allowed to spend a year or two in Kentucky.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—W. J. Loyd bought of W. C Montgomery a two-year-old trotting colt for $150

—The charter of the Masonic lodge of this place will be surrendered at the meeting of the Grand Lodge now in session at Louisville.

—In deference to Mr. Geo. Hardin, the mail agent on the K. C, we wish to say it was the official on the L. & N. who failed to put off the mail for this place last Saturday and not Mr. Hardin.

—Elder Montgomery is conducting a revival at Antioch church, in this county, which is proving highly successful. Several additions to the church are reported and considerable interest is being awakened.

—Mr. R. R. West will retire from the drug firm of Lillard, West & Co. this week. The business will be continued under the firm name of E. W. Lillard & Co. Mr. West has been licensed by the Baptist church and will devote his time to that calling.

—W. S. Beazley bought of G. T. Higginbotham 20 extra feeding cattle at 4½. They averaged 1,185 pounds. Rout & Kemper bought several car-loads of hogs at 3 to 3½. J. W. Denny bought of Walter Denny's heirs a tract of 226 acres of land on Dix River at $6,102.

—Mr. Sam M. Peacock has resigned his position with Geo. D. Burdett & Co., and is being initiated into the mysteries of the Post-office. Miss Jessie Hemphill, of Nicholasville, is visiting Miss Mamie Olds. Capt. Mike Salter has gone on duty as guager at Herring's distillery. M. T. Warne has returned to his home at Easton, Pa. A little boy at Mr. Wm. Hiatt's, one at Dr. Mays', one at W. O. Rigney's, a daughter at Sam Finnell's and one at R. A. Burnside's, are among the latest arrivals in the city. Mr. Todd Scott is now traveling for the Fall City Tobacco Warehouse, of Louisville.

The latest postal law decision is to the effect that publishers of newspapers can, under the law, arrest any man for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law it is a dangerous trick for a man to allow his subscription amount to run on from six months to a year and a half unpaid, and then tell the postmaster mark it "refused," or to send the editor a postal card to discontinue the paper.—[Muhlenberg Echo.

Stovepipes can be cleaned by putting a piece of zinc on the coals of a hot fire. The vapor produced carries off the soot by chemical decomposition.

Many English farmers practice shearing their early lambs in minsummer, and claim that a great growth of carcass is obtained thereby.

When there is a crack in the stove it can be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.—[Detroit Post.

The ties for the railroads of America require nearly 17,000 acres of woodland each year.

Always Look at Both Ends.

This is an apple, large and round,
At the top of the barrel always found.

This is the apple small and mean,
Always at the bottom seen.

I met the girl of the .
And gently took her
I thought I'd pop the ?
But I didn't have the S&.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

What Can Be Done?

By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. So don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcome all Urinary Difficulties. Large Bottles only 50 cents a bottle at Penny & McAlister.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, and by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two boxes of the Discovery he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Penny & McAlister's.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, a Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down felling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leuchorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Prices $1 and $1 50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J B. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

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Is a Candidate for Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

GEORGE S. CARPENTER

Is a Candidate for County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democracy.

J. M. JOHNSON

Is a Candidate for Assessor of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democracy.

WILLIS C. BARNETT

Is a Candidate for the office of Jailer of Lincoln county, subject to primary election of the Democratic party.

T. D. NEWLAND

Is a candidate for Sheriff of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the democracy.

W. L. DAWSON

Is a candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

SAM. M. OWENS

Is a candidate for Jailer of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

D. R. CARPENTER

Is a Candidate for re-election as County Attorney, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

R. C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of the 8th Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

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56-1m *JOHN M. PHILIPS,* Stanford.

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FOR SALE!

We offer for sale two of the best Farms in Lincoln county, Ky. Both lie 3 miles from Hustonville, on the Middleburg pike.

No. 1 Contains 340 Acres,

Well watered, fenced and improved. We will sell 200 acres out of the heart of it, or 275 acres or the whole of it.

No. 2 Contains 140 Acres,

Well improved, fenced and watered, lying just across the pike from No. 1. Both Farms are nearly all in grass and both are sightly and productive. Terms easy.
J. J. DRYE,
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Wall Paper Decorations, Paints, oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, and Painters' Supplies Generally,

—That—

A. E. Gibbons, 3d St., Danville,

Near the post-office, has a full, fresh and brand new stock of all the above goods, which he proposes to dispose of at the

Most Reasonable Figures

That can be made outside or inside the cities. Dealing exclusively in the above line, you can find at his store a better assortment to select from at more satisfactory prices than elsewhere.

Window Glass, Mixed Paints and Fine Varnishes a Specialty.

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Treatment Mild. No Detention From Business.

Cure Certain and Permanent. No Cure, No Pay.

Special Attention also Given to Chronic Kidney & Bladder Troubles,

As well as all Diseases peculiar to Women.

Charges moderate Dr. N. can be consulted free of charge and will be found at his office at all times for the next three months.

By permission he refers to the following gentlemen: J. S. Bosley, G. A. Lackey, S. Irwin, Stanford, Ky.; Judge G. F. Lee, Tom Murphy, W. P. Temple, John M. Spoonamore, Sim Cook, Danville, Ky.; Rev. J. A. Bogle, Hustonville; H. O. Sutton, J. S. Robinson, Lancaster, Ky.; Thos. B. Walker, C. C. Chrisman, Kirksville, Ky.; J. S. Johnson, Bryantsville, Ky.; J. P. Daniel, McKinney, Ky.; G. J. Bosley, Lebanon, Ky., Geo. Lewis, Campbellsville, Ky.; A. A. McGinnis, Bowling Green, Ky.; Geo. Bohon, Judge J. W. Hughes, Harrodsburg, Ky.; C. C. Shumate, McAfee, Ky.
29-6m

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NEW FIRM.

Mrs. M. V. Tabler & Miss Ella Smiley

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—OF—
McKINNEY AND VICINITY.

I am receiving a handsome line of

FALL & WINTER MILLINERY,

Which I invite the ladies of McKinney and vicinity to call and examine. Also a nice line of Velvets and Ribbons in latest styles for dresses.
[63-t] Respectfully, *Mrs. M. V. TABLER.*

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Seeking homes on the line of this road will receive special rates.

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C. P. ATMORE, G. P. & T. A., Louisville, Ky.

A Clear Skin

is only a part of beauty; but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - - - - October 23, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

THE investigation of the charges against Dr. Chenault, Superintendent of the Lexington Lunatic Asylum, has closed after apparently developing the fact that Dr. F. O. Young has been at the bottom of the prosecutions, not to say persecutions of Dr. Chenault. A Commissioner told us that the Dr. had counted on the position himself and has never been satisfied with the effort of Gov. Knott to let him down lightly by giving him a commissioner's place. During the investigation, Commissioner, W. LaRue Thomas, refused to testify as to Dr. Youny's reputation, while one witness, Mr. A. C Quisenbery, said that "he had been to Lancaster and talked to a number of citizens, who gave Dr. Young's character for veracity a bad name; and that he would not believe Young on oath from what he heard."

THE STANFORD INTERIOR JOURNAL announces that it will have nothing more to do with advertising agents, as it has found them to be frauds and cheats. With a few honorable exceptions the *Record* has found them to be swindlers. We have long desired that the Kentucky Press Association hold a strictly business meeting to consider the interest of the publishers, and provide means to guard against the swindling advertising agents, as well as to compare methods of doing business, etc. The meetings heretofore have been devoted to eating and drinking. We trust that some day the publishers of this State will realize the benefits to be derived from a business meeting similar to those held in other States, with no drinking allowed, and none but members admitted.—[Nelson Record.

MAHONE is making a mighty effort in Virginia to secure a legislature that will return him to the Senate and if the democrats are not on guard at every point, he may slip up on them. He is smart, tricky and unscrupulous and knows how to place the large corruption fund he has received from Northern republicans, where it will do him the most good. There is hardly any doubt about the election of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, but that will be but poor recompense for the loss of the legislature. In addition to money, Mahone is concentrating all of the best speakers of his party in Virginia, including Senators Sherman, Goff, Plumb and Miller and Logan, Governor-elect Foraker and Congressman Butterworth. It is a desperate game with Mahone and he is playing his cards for all they are worth.

MALCOLM HAY, who for a few months held the position of First Assistant Postmaster General under Mr. Vilas, died at his his home at Pittsburg, Tuesday of consumption. He was one of the democratic commissioners sent to Florida to investigate the frauds alleged in the Hayes campaign. He was a delegate to the national conventions in 1878, 1880 and 1884, and at the latter was on the Committee of Resolutions and framed the tariff plank of the platform. He was a strong supporter of Cleveland in the convention, although his colleagues from his district were friends of Randall.

IN the rush of business we omitted an important item from our last issue—that of the arrival in the household of Mr. H W. Newkirk, the editor of the Williamsburg *Times*, of "the handsomest ten-pound girl that has ever called a fond father from his downy bed." Since your have gone into that kind of business, old fellow, here's hoping that you will soon be like the old woman that lived in the shoe, have so many children that you wont know what to do.

AN unusual sight was witnessed at the Louisville Exposition Wednesday, that of a race between traction engines. It was hardly as exciting as a "hoss" race to the average Kentuckian, because there were no pools sold on the event, but it must have been exhilerating to have seen those iron horses moving around the track with their jockeys pressing them to their fullest speed without the aid of whip or spur.

THE Frankfort *Yeoman* says in speaking of the election in Ohio: "We would infinitely prefer a stick to a republican." Good. But those lines were not written by Col. Johnston, who recently preferred a a very odious republican to a democrat, else he has experienced a change of heart, that makes us feel like taking the erring brother to our heart again and giving him the right hand of fellowship.

THE Louisville *Times* has increased its telegraph service and added a column to each of its pages, making it one of the largest as it has always been one of the best, if not the very best, afternoon papers ever published. It is our beau ideal of a newspaper and each evidence of its success and popularity thrills us with gladness.

WE do not wish any office ourselves, nor would we have the best we would be competent to fill, but we are getting mighty tired of seeing some republicans holding on to offices that rightfully belong to the democrats The people voted last November to turn the rascals out and we want to see the last one of them go.

THE official count of the vote in Ohio shows an amount of rottenness in keeping with the political morals of the State. The democrats seem to be as deep in the mud as the republicans are in the mire and they are a sweet kettle of fish all around. The Legislature is about sure to be republican.

DAN VOORHEES, the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, is making speeches for Gen. Lee in Virginia, and denouncing the civil service law.

CHRISTIAN county is badly mis-named. She has more murders and rapes than any county in the State and more divorce suits have been granted there this year than ought to have been in the whole State. The *South Kentuckian* says 34 couples have had their matrimonial bonds sundered since January 1. We are afraid Meacham is not doing his duty as a journalist or he would teach his people better morals.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—A foot of snow covers the Michigan hills.

—Alonzo Fuget, the counterfeiter, was convicted in Louisville.

—A German shot a negro who had raped his sister, in the Court room at Indianapolis.

—Judge W. C. Miller, for years a leading lawyer of Madison, died Wednesday after two years of lunacy.

—A. M Waddell, a Louisville gambler, was fined $500 and given six months in jail for running a Keno bank.

—Millions of squirrels are crossing the Mississippi river at a point a few miles below Memphis, from Mississippi to Arkansas.

—Suits have been begun against Geo. B. Loring, late Commissioner of Agriculture, and his sureties for the recovery of $30,000.

—Seats in the New York Stock Exchange are now worth $23,000. The price has varied during the past ten pears from $3,500 to $33,000.

—S. N. Hodges, one of the temperance converts at Frankfort, died of convulsions, owing to the sudden shutting off of his whisky supply.

—Stuart Allen, eldest son of Capt. C. T. Alled, editor of the Princeton *Banner*, has been appointed to a cadetship at West Point by Congressman Stone.

—There is a shadowy sort of rumor that Roscoe Conkling is to once more mount the raging political stump in behalf of the republican ticket in New York.

—All in favor of swapping John Sherman for a hyena and killing the hyena will say "Aye." Those opposing will say "No." The ayes have it.—[Richmond Dispatch.

—Ten persons lost their lives in the collision on the Pennsylvania Railroad caused by the carelessness of the train-dispatcher, who is now in jail charged with manslaughter.

—Mr. J. Soule Smith, "Falcon" of the *Times*, was elected Grand King of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the State of Kentucky. H. G. Sandifer was elected Grand Scribe.

—The result of the Ohio election remains officially undetermined. The courts have been appealed to in Hamilton county to further delay matters and exemplify the beauties of the Ohio fall style of politics.

—Bernard G. Witt, of Henderson, was elected Grand Master of the Masonic Order for Kentucky, and Mr. James W. Hopper, editor of the Lebanon *Standard*, Deputy Grand Master and A. H. Shirley, Grand Senior Waden.

—Eugene Belt, who married the widow Godfrey and afterwards learned of her escapade with Congressman Acklin, brought suit for divorce from her in Baltimore, but the court dismissed his suit and granted her a divorce, with $40,000 alimony.

RELIGIOUS.

—Rev. A. S Moffett will preach at Crab Orchard next Sunday morning and evening.

—Rev. A. S. Moffett and James Paxton have gone to Mt. Sterling to attend the Synod.

—Rev. J. E Triplett will preach at McKinney on next Sabbath at 11 A. M and 7 P. M.

—Elder Montgomery is conducting a successful meeting at Antioch Church —[Lancaster News.

—Eld John Long, of the Christian Church, is holding a meeting at Mt. Moriah, which 'Squire M. S. Bastin tells us, had had seven additions to yesterday.

—Rev. C. P. Williamson continues to preach to crowded audiences at the Christian church, which listen with the closest attention to his elequent presentations of the truths of the gospel. He is not one of these sniffling christians, who seem to think that they must wear long faces and steer clear of jokes and fun. but is a cheerful, happy man, pleased with his Master and glad to do His service. Such men do good wherever they go and Mr. Williamson has done much here out of the pulpit as well as in. We have never met a preacher with whom we have been so thoroughly impressed. The additions during his meeting numbered 19 to yesterday.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—George and Littleton Rice are both in a critical condition.

—Our farmers are all about done sowing wheat and some of them have commenced cribbing their corn.

—Some mischievous boys broke out all of the window glass in the school-house windows a few nights ago.

—James Barnes has gone to the city to lay in his fall and winter stock of goods. Mrs. Belle Wiggs is visiting relatives in this vicinity. Mr. Willis Adams, Sr, and wife have gone to Rockcastle on a visit.

—The timid bachelor spoken of in our last letter took the train here Tuesday accompanied by his prospective bride and went to Louisville where they were made one. Mr. G. W. Pullins is the happy groom and Miss Bettie A. Pullins the fair bride. They are own cousins and thought perhaps there would be some objection is the reason they left home to be married. We wish them a long and happy life together and hope they will always do their pullin' in the same direction.

—The tomato is a native of Peru and was first raised solely for ornament. It is not known when it was first used as food.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Pays a Loving Tribute to the Late John C. Young.

"Praise the Lord. God is Loveand Nothing Else."

PROSPECT POINT, LANDOUR, N. INDIA, Sept. 12, 1885.

DEAR INTERIOR:—I did not write last week because I could not. For the last mail brought us the sad news of the sudden death of our dear John C. Young.

Sorrow—especially when it comes with a mighty shock—claims, as of holy right, a certain period of silence.

Whether that "little while" is followed by a shriek of agony or the calm of holy trust, it has its domain, on which neither intrudes.

After I had time to think with more or less quietness, the question came: Shall I notice the death of this dearly loved friend at all? Shall I, if I mention it, ignore facts, known to all, and just write a loving *In memoriam*? Or shall I, tenderly recognizing what all are acquainted with, speak boldly out what I believe, regardless of the anathemas of mere theologians, or the grave disapproval of good, but narrow people, who judge all such cases from the platform of a stringent early training, and never dream that there is "another side" of this question.

At the risk of "casting pearls before swine" in the one case, and of the displeasure of many whom I would not willingly offend, I have decided to take the latter course for the sake of dear souls who care little for theology, but whose hearts are aching for the comfort that Truth will bring; if only they can so far break over the cruel boundaries of a false view of our God as once to enjoy it.

For the most part, the newspapers, acting on the general motto—"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum,*" have noticed the startling death of my dear friend with becoming reticence touching some of the sad facts in the case. And this does honor to the hearts of the editors, who are not willing to wound the living over the unconscious dead. God reward them for this gentle silence.

Some, I am sorry to say, have not been so thoughtful. God forgive them for penning a word that could tear open bleeding wounds, unless they did it with tears of pity and sorrow, under a strong pressure of a sense of duty to the public they serve.

I will take quite different ground: not because he whose voice of elequence we shall not hear again, was my very dear friend and brother: not becouse my heart yearns to speak a word of comfort to the dear ones in two shattered and sorrowing homes: not even because I would fain have my dear friend's death prove a lesson of value to survivors: but far more, because the character of the God and Father of our LORD Jesus Christ is in danger of being misunderstood, as it is on so many points. Potent, therefore, as are the bounds of "the threefold cord" mentioned, that might draw me into a defence of my dead, yet living, brother, the dear LORD'S claims have been the real reason of my breaking silence over the fresh earth that marks his grave.

If then the words I write can reach a single responsive heart, let me say that my thought now and ever about dear John Young is this: He died sword in hand—defeated yet victorious!

I disdain a discreet silence in this matter. It is an insult to his memory, and a dishonor to the Savior, to whom he was so loyal.

I simply "speak what I do know," when I proclaim "upon the house tops," that my dear friend was "true as steel" to the LORD Jesus, whom he loved dearly and followed loyally. Well for us all, if at life's close, as much may be said of us. And I feel that I should be cowardly false to him were I to speak with bated breath of his merits, or even conceding much to personal affection, were to I shake my head doubtfully, and be silent as to the moral features of his untimely death, as though the less that were said, the better for his memory.

I will tell you briefly dear reader, how I look upon this quenched life overborne while struggling manfully. I believe it is God's way of looking at it. For I ask myself, not doubtfully, if I "being evil" can so favorably regard dear John's case, under the impulse of a human affection—pure, but feeble: "how much more"—my God, who is pure "Love and Nothing Else!" For even His glorious justice and equity are only different spellings of His divine LOVE.

If then, I want to understand the meaning of His loving word or to fathom in any wise the depth of His loving heart, I go to the spirit within for an interpreter. He is "one of a thousand"—God sent, God instructed. I stand by my dear John's new grave, and this is the way—not blind human affection;—a thousand times No!—but the Holy Spirit—proceeding from the Divine Father and Son, bids me estimate my brother's character. O how unspeakably tender and jealous is God touching the character of His dead! "Blessed are the dead who die in the LORD." He says it. He tells me to speak reverently of a "Temple of the Holy Ghost." And above all he warns me to think God's thought of one who has died sword in hand in His service, whether victorious or not. To me then, dear John Young, is like Gordon dying at Khartoum!

To me he is like the retreating line of beaten patriots at Bunker Hill! To me he is like the shattered remnant of the "Light Brigade," at Balaklava! "All that was left of them! Left of six hundred!" Or like Napoleon's "Old Guard" at Waterloo!

I am quite aware how this will shock some and anger others and grieve yet others, some. But call it "wild extravagance" as you will, I repeat it, as the "words of truth and soberness"—Rebuke fiercely as you will O theologians Shake your heads as ye may, my good friends, in your easy rocking chairs, who hardly know what one honest combat, at close quarters, with a devil without or a devil within means!

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Infant child of Aurelius Dunn died near Hustonvillle Wednesday night.

—Eb. Kennedy, Sam Owens and George Carpenter were with us Wednesday. They are a remarkably handsome set of men and would be decidedly ornamental denizens of the court house square. All seem in good spirits except George who seems troubled in consequence of some light received from John Blain touching the relations to be sustained towards his prospective Deputy. But we have tendered him our aid and counsel in the matter of "swearing in" said deputy, and do not anticipate serious difficulty.

—Our town has been engaged nearly two weeks in attending a religious meeting at the Baptist church under the auspices of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Taylor. The preaching has been done, and well done, by Rev. Mr Porter, a well-known evangelist. The attendance has been large and remarkably well sustained throughout, and the preaching of a high order, but up to the time of writing the meeting has not resulted in many additions to the church, some five or six only having come forward. The meeting will probably close to-day.

—District Teachers will please bear in mind that the County Teachers' Association will meet at Stanford on the last Saturday, 31st, of this month. By the way, parents and trustees are earnestly requested to visit their schools and ascertain whether their children are comfortably provided for as regards fires, light, seats, desks and especially ventilation. The neglect of the people generally on this subject is decidedly culpable. No teacher can do effective work, and no child is safe from suffering and sickness in the miserable quarters provided.

—Last week the INTERIOR JOURNAL was on time Tuesday, but failed on Friday. Two days during the week our outgoing mails were returned from the depot for the want of transportation. Tuesday's paper of this week came all right, but passengers wishing to connect with the L. & N. must drive 9 miles to Junction City or 10 to Stanford in order to make sure of a train. Verily our railroad facilities are to some extent imaginary. When we get the projected and prayed for route we shall probably need to go to Nashville to get a train. Blessings on the man who invented the bicycle and made us independent of all railroads.

—Col. Weatherford and David Johnson left Wednesday on a prospecting trip to Kansas. Mrs. S. A. Goode went in the party designing to make a protracted visit to her daughter, Mrs. Rufus Adams in Texas. Tom Nunnelley shipped his herd of cattle for the West a few days since. Mrs. Bennett Cloyd is making arrangements to spend the winter with friends in Alabama. Master George Bradley rejoices in the receipt of of a fine gold watch, a present from his uncle, Ed Williams, in Montana. Mrs. Maggie Campbell has bought the Conway property and will move to town. Miss Blanche Twidwell, graduate of Daughter's College, has gone to the Bartholomew Institute, Cincinnati, for further light in French and music. Geo. M. Givens, J. W., is representing No. 184 in the Grand Lodge at Louisville.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—George W. Payne has been awarded a pension amounting to $1,000.

—Elder M. C. Kurfus, of the Campbellite church, is holding a few days' meeting at this place.

—Chestnuts are becoming a drug in the market at $1 per bushel. There is the largest crop ever known in this county.

—When I said I wanted all indebted to me to settle their account by November 1st, I meant business. They must come and do so. F. L. Thompson.

—Miss Ida Adams is visiting in Louisville this week. David Thompson and son Robert, of Garrard county, were in town yesterday. Mrs. Conn, of Brodhead, was at J. W. Brown's this week.

—We are afraid that our little town is about to be overstocked with doctors. Drs. J. J. Brown and A. G. Lovell are already here and Drs. Duncan, of Hardin county, and Daniels, of West Virginia, are new ones just arrived. Think they both have come to stay.

—There has been considerable rivalry up here as to who could kick an empty keg the highest. The way to do is this: Place the keg against a wall and stand with your heels against the keg; then jump up, raising the keg as you jump. S. W. Paris or B P. Martin can tell you all about it.

—Mrs. Mary E. Brown, wife Dr. J. J. Brown, has been appointed Postmistress at this place—vice J. L. Whitehead resigned. Mr. W has made a clever, efficient and accommodating Postmaster, and we are sorry to see him give it up, but such is fate. Mrs. Brown was almost unanimously recommended by the citizens of this place. Mr Whitehead says he has been allowed to retain his position a little longer than he expected. Exactly when the change will be made or where the office will be kept in the future has not been settled yet.

FARM FOR SALE!

I offer for sale my Farm of **138 Acres** of fine Blue-Grass land, 2 miles South of Hustonville, in sight of the Middleburg pike. The farm is in a good state of cultivation, under good fence and one of the best watered Farms in Linco n county. The improvements consist of a neat cottage house of 5 rooms, a splendid cistern at the door, good stable and all necessary outhouses. If early application is made, will sell at a bargain. If not sold soon, I will rent said Farm for 1886.

63-tf J. H. TAYLOR, Hustonville.

W. H. HIGGINS

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Iron, Buggy Wheels, Spokes, Rims, Horse Shoes, Nails, Stoves, Grates, Stoneware, Groceries, Queensware, Cane Mills, Cider Mills, Corn Shellers, Saddles, Buggy Whips, Harness, Lap Covers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salesmen { W. B. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

THE NEW GROCERY AND HARDWARE HOUSE OF

TAYLOR BROS.

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would kindly ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large fresh and well selected stock of CHOICE

FAMILY GROCERIES

In endless variety, dainty in quality and satisfactory in prices; this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

OUR HARDWARE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete, Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, urivalled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Confections are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery. Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobaccos. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods and your patronage.

Respectfully, TAYLOR BROTHERS.

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS,

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

—Also—

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought to this market Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

B. K. WEAREN,

UNDERTAKER,

—AND—

Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware room opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

PLEASE DON'T FORGET

That we carry the Largest Stock of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware in the city;

That we are Millers' Agents and wholesale depot for Flour and Meal;

That our stock of Pleasure Vehicles, including everything from a Roard Cart to a Barouche, is always complete,

And that we guarantee Lowest Prices, style and finish considered.

Also, that we still handle the celebrated Wagons, "Old Hickory" and Mitchell.

Big line of Farming Implements, Grain Drills, Turning Plows, both riding and walking,

And all of which we guarantee at Lowest prices.

BRIGHT & METCALF,

SUCCESSORS TO BRIGHT & CURRAN.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - - - October 23, 1885

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going	North	1 55	P. M.
" " "	South	12 30	P. M.
Express train "	South	1 32	A. M.
" " "	North	2 05	A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY your school books from Penny & McAlister.

McROBERTS & STAGG are headquarters for amunition.

GUNS at all prices at McRoberts & Stagg's, from $2.50 to $100.

COMPLETE stock of school books and school supplies at McRoberts & Stagg's.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

BUY the Hass Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

—MRS. GEORGE H. BRUCE and Howard are visiting in Lebanon.

—MR. G. T. FARRIS, of East Bernstadt, is visiting his kinsman, J. E. Farris.

—MR. M. D. HARDIN, of Monticello, is visiting his son Mr. Mark H. Hardin.

—MISS ANNIE McKINNEY is back from a visit to relatives in the West End.

—MISS JENNIE DUNCAN, of Lancaster, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. C. Warren.

—MESSRS. D. R. CARPENTER, Sam M. Wilhite, J. T. and C C Carson are in Louisville.

—MRS L. F. HUFFMAN, Mrs. W. H Miller, and Misses Sallie VanDeveer and Lizzie Portman went to Louisville Wednesday,

—MISS LULA McKINNEY is staying with Miss Sabra Pennington and attending the meeting.

—MRS. W. H WHERRITT went to Richmond to attend the marriage of Miss Ollie White to Mr. Lewis Booker.

—MR. MACK HUFFMAN is out again after his long confinement from a fall but he still belongs to the stiff-necked and perverse generation.

—MR. W. H. HIGGINS started to Kansas City yesterday for his wife, who has been there for several weeks visiting her sister, Mrs. W. O. Park.

—MRS. O. J. CROW and Miss Minnie Crow came in yesterday to subscribe to the paper for Miss Anna, who is attending Caldwell Institute, Danville, and sighs for her old friend, the INTERIOR JOURNAL.

—CAPT. I. N. COLE has been promoted to passenger conductor on the Main Stem and he and his handsome wife have therefore left us. They were guests of the St. Asaph during their stay here and made many friends, who regret their departure.

—MRS. HARRIET CAMPBELL, Mrs. Geo. C. Campbell and pretty little Rosebud, will leave to-day for their Texas home, to the regret of their friends. Both of the ladies have been under the treatment of a physician and return home much improved.

—MR. R. H. BRONAUGH has been appointed storekeeper and guager and we trust will be given the distillery of J. H. Hutchings at once. A democrat should have had the place six months ago. Mr. Bronaugh had been urged by his friends to make the race for County Clerk but declined, and to those who without solicitation pledged him their support he asks us to extend his warmest thanks.

LOCAL MATTERS.

THE wife of Capt. W. W. Johnson has presented him with another girl.

A FULL line of heating stoves, grates, coal vases, &c., at W. H. Higgins'.

A "THING of beauty" is A. A. Warren's "Model Grocery." Call and see for yourself.

JUDGE LYTLE has sold his residence and lot on Somerset Street to J. S. Hocker for $3,800.

BRICK.—Two hundred and fifty thousand, hard and well-burned, for sale by Henry Baughman.

CHAMBER Sets and Bird Cages at cost and carriage for next 30 days at A. A. Warren's Model Grocery.

WE will have the largest stock of grates and heating stoves ever brought to Stanford. Bright & Metcalf.

THEY are so crazy over skating in Winchester that they now use the old Methodist church for the purpose.

THE Knights of Honor suit against the late treasurer, Judge R J. Breckinridge, was dismissed by Judge Barr with prejudice.

WE have just opened a large line of clothing, including 151 overcoats which we propose selling at bargains. Owsley & Craig.

HUNTERS ATTENTION—Our stock of Guns and Ammuition is now complete. Also loaded shells always on hand. Bright & Metcalf.

THOSE wishing anything in my line should call and examine my splendid stock of Millinery. It is not only the largest stock ever brought to this place but the most select. Mrs. Moody Hardin.

THE dude has had his day and the "mower" now claims his on the principle, we presume, that every canine is entitled one diurnal revolution of the earth. The mower is the reverse of the dude, is muscular and athletic and in addition to the manner he has of carrying his cane, attempts to give a certain fierceness to his looks by making his foretop stand on the end. We nominate Dr. Reid as Master of the Mower of Stanford.

FULL lines of Staple and Fancy Groceries at A. A. Warren's "Model Grocery."

THE finest line of pure candies ever brought to this market at A. A. Warren's Model Grocery.

CALL on Miss Ella Smiley and examine our splendid line of new millinery Tabler & Smiley.

FRUITS and vegetables of every description bought and sold at A. A. Warren's "Model Grocery."

THE whole face of nature was covered with frost yesterday morning and the murcury was down to 25°.

DON'T forget we can give you coal from any mine you wish at bottom prices. Leave your order at the store. Bright & Metcalf.

THE man, Jeff Hensley, who was jailed for horse stealing on information from Virginia, has been released as the parties, who claimed and got the horse had no papers for him.

DON'T forget that Geo. D. Wearen, Agt., has a large stock of Pine flooring, Ceiling Weather Boards, Door Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles, Laths and all kinds of rough lumber.

A DISPATCH says that R. H. Tomlinson, of Lancaster, has been offered by the Secretary of the Interior the position of agent to examine fraudulent land claims, worth $1,500 and transportation.

DIED, of consumption at his home in Crab Orchard, Wednesday morning at 3 o'clock, J. T. Carson, familiarly known as "Shanghai." He leaves a wife and three children to feel his loss.

SHERIFF MENEFEE took the Lexington Asylum Wednesday Starling Millhouse, a poor lunatic who has laid in jail here for nearly two years and a half, because Dr. Chenault, as he claims, overlooked him.

YOU can go to Cincinnati on the K. C. to-day and to-morrow for $3.50 from any station South of Richmond. The St. Louis and Chicago Base Ball clubs play the last games of the season on these days.

MURDER.—At Williamsburg, Tuesday, Joe Early, a notorious negro character, went to the colored school and raised a row. Leander Lawson, the teacher, a boy of seventeen, remonstrated with the brute, who instantly drew a a pistol and shot Lawson through the heart.

OUR business is in the hands of John M. Philips, for settlement, and owing to the fact that Mr. Elmiston will soon leave Stanford, it becomes absolutely necessary that it be closed up immediately. All persons owing us will please call on Judge Philips and make immediate settlement and save trouble and cost by so doing. Elmiston & Owsley.

WE are pleased to be able to state that our local rivals for the nomination for Circuit Judge, acting upon our suggestion, are in a fair way to have their claims settled by friends. Harmonious relations exist between them and there will be no trouble about either accepting the result. One thing is certain Lincoln will have but one candidate for Circuit Judge.

THE handsome postmaster at Mt. Vernon, Mr. J. L. Whitehead, has had to surrender his office to a lady. Mrs. Mary E Brown has received the appointment there and our friend, George H Hocker, will hereafter handle the mails at Parksville. Both are good appointments. Gov. McCreary secured them as well as those of Dr. Fayette Dunlap to be Pension Examiner at Danville and Dr. Newton Scales for the same position at London.

DURING his life we used to playfully call Mr. George W. Ashlock, "Holtzclaw," and the name got so firmly fixed in our mind in connection with him, that in writing the notice of his death, we unconsciously used that for his name and several hundred papers were printed before the misteke was discovered. Mr. Ashlock was always so full of life and fun that we took the liberty of a nickname just to get even with some of his pranks. We regret very much, however, that we should have used it in paying our last respect to his memory.

THE C. & N.—Some weeks ago, the Merchants' Exchange of Nashville appointed a committee to investigate the report that the directors of the Chesapeake & Nashville were trying to sell their franchise to the L. & N. We learn from yesterday's papers that after a full examination of both sides, the committee had unanimously reported in favor of the enterprise, and recommended immediate compliance with the terms agreed on with the road, i. e., payment of five per cent. of the subscription, and money to secure the right of way. The probability now is that work will be commenced immediately, as only five per cent. of the subscription is to be paid before the road is completed for fifty miles north of Nashville.

A DIFFICULT JOB.—Billy Weatherford, of Hustonville, who went to Richmond to open a whisky saloon, finds it an up hill business. He made application for license and put up the necessary deposit of $1,000 but the ordinance requires that before a saloon can be opened the person making application must "present to the City Council the written assent of a majority of the residents or occupants of the houses on that side of the square, and side of square opposite and fronting same, and at all times such assent of residents and occupants within two hundred feet of the place where they propose keeping such saloon or public bar." The *Herald* says the opponents claim that such assent can not be obtained and the matter is held in abeyance by the Mayor. The same paper also says: Mr. Weatherford has acted in a gentlemanly way throughout and expresses a desire not to do anything in conflict with the law.

A GOOD assortment of Glass, Tin and Queensware at A A Warren's Model Grocery.

SEE our line of heating stoves, coal vases, kitchen sets, &c., before buying. The largest and cheapest lot in town Bright & Metcalf.

EGGS are at a premium in this market. What's the matter with the hens? Or perhaps it is their owners holding them up for Christmas prices.

COL. T. W. MILLER desires to return his hearty thanks to those good citizens who worked so hard to save his property from burning yesterday.

IT was reported here yesterday that Dick Shanks, the natural born negro thief, on being suspected in Lebanon, was pursued by a policeman and in his effort to get away broke a blood vessel and fell dead.

THE roof of the ell of Mr. S S. Myers' residence caught fire yesterday and burned considerably before the fire could be extinguished. A good deal of the furniture was taken out of the house and of course badly damaged in handling.

MARRIAGES.

—If "blessed is the bride upon whom the sun shines," be an adage of truth, then thrice blessed is she who, upon Wednesday last, united her fortunes with the man of choice, for a brighter day never dawned in lovely October. The bride of that beautiful day was Miss Fannie Reid and the fortunate groom, Hon. Breckinridge Jones, of St. Louis, Mo. Promptly at noon the party entered the Presbyterian church to the music of a march rendered by Mrs. Dr. L. F. Huffman. Preceded by the ushers, Dr. Fayette Dunlap and Prof. S. R. Cheek, of Danville, the groom and "his best man," Dr. John T. Vansant, of Paris, Ky, filed down the right aisle, while the lovely bride on the arm of her father, Mr. John M Reid, passed down the left aisle, preceded by Hon. T. P. Hill, Jr., and Dr. Hugh Reid. Reaching the altar upon which had been erected an artistic floral arch, from which was suspended a horse shoe of cut flowers, the ushers crossed and stood on either side of the minister, Rev. A. S Moffett, facing the audience. The other couples stood in front of them and when the minister asked "who gives the bride away?" Mr. Reid passed the hand of his daughter to the arm of Mr. Jones and then the words were spoken which made them husband and wife. Then they knelt, the Divine blessing was invoked, the benediction pronounced and the party passed out, while the audience remained sitting. The ceremony was short and appropriate and all of the large number that witnessed it was impressed with its beauty and solemnity. The bridal party and their immediate relatives were then driven in carriages to the residence of Mr. Reid, where they partook of a lunch, pending the arrival of the train, and then went to Lexington, where a reception was tendered them by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gaitskill, the sister of the groom. After a day or two in Lexington, Mr. and Mrs. Jones will take a tour of the Northern and Eastern cities and reach their home in St. Louis about the 1st of November. The consummation of this love affair is truly a happy one and Mr. Jones is to be heartily congratulated for he has won a bride who is a real queen among women, possessed as she is of beauty, of brightness of mind and of all the other graces which so adorn her sex. Her indulgent father has spared no expense in adding to her accomplishments and she has embraced her opportunities fully and fitted herself to adorn any station she may occupy. She is a pronounced blonde, lovely at all times, but never more so than she appeared on her wedding day in a rich suit of boucle and velvet with hat to match. The groom is a native of Danville, but for several years has lived at St. Louis, where he is building up a large and paying law practice. He is a young man of fine attainments, affable and popular, and is destined to become distinguished in his profession. He has represented his district in the Legislature since moving to Missouri and has been the recipient of other marked expressions of appreciation on the part of the people. A bright and happy future to him and his lovely young bride.

The bride was the recipient of many costly and useful presents from her large circle of friends and the ushers were each presented with a handsome gold-headed cane by Mr. Jones with the date of the marriage engraved thereon. Mrs. R. R. Jones, the mother of the groom and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gaitskill, of Lexington, came over to attend the nuptials. Dr. Reid and Miss Mary Reid accompanied the bridal party to Lexington and attended the reception, returning yesterday.

—That bright and rising young journalist, Ben H. Ridgely, one of the editors of the *Truth*, is to be married Nov. 2l, to Miss Fronie Brannin, one of Louisville's prettiest ladies. Here's looking at you, young man.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP

—This year's peanut crop in North Carolina is the biggest for many years.

—A cheese weighing 3,300 pounds has been produced at East Aurora, N. Y.

—J. B. Thompson, of Montgomery, sold to Lehman & Bro, 43 head of 1,500-lb. cattle at $4.90 per cwt.—[Winchester Democrat

—In Jessamine county B. Wolf bought of Asa Jewell 5 car loads of sheep, averaging 155 pounds, at 3 cents and a premium.

—Alex McClintock, of Nicholas county, is sowing 200 acres of wheat, the product of which he has already sold at 90 cents per bushel.

—GEORGETOWN COURT.—250 to 300 cattle on the market, and generally sold, at from 3 to 4¼ cents per pound. Some scalawags sold as low as $2 75 per cwt. 54 mule colts sold at $43 per head cash. Only a few broke mules on the market, and selling at $100 to $150.

—In Louisville cattle are dull and lower, prices running from 2 to 4¾; hogs are quiet at 3 to 3½; sheep slow at 1 to 2¾ and lambs do at 2 to 3½

—Forty six Holstien cattle, including many calves, sold at auction at the Louisville Exposition grounds, Tuesday, at an average of $155

—L. L. Dorsey, of Lexington, has refused an offer of $20,000 for his five-year-old bay stallion, Epaulet, which trotted a mile Tuesday in 2:19.

—S. A Sutherland bought for Sutherland & Dewey, Cincinnati, 4,000 bushels of corn delivered on the train at 30 cents—[Winchester Sun.

—Col. John A Duncan has sold to Lehman 228 fat cattle, weighing 1,550 pounds, at $5 25 per hundred, or $18 553 50 for the lot.—[Richmond Herald.

—FOR SALE.—Twenty-five yearling mules, 20 mares and 5 horses, No. 1 good ones, about 15 hands high. Apply to G. W King, Crab Orchard, Ky.

—B. E. Blackman has bought in this county 2,100 turkeys at 50 cents for hens and 75 cents for gobblers. This is equal to about 5 or 6 cents per pound.

—The executor of D. A. Chenault sold 250 shares of Madison National stock to T. D. Chenault at $177 50 per share. His land sold as follows: The Phelps place, containing 171½ acres, to 'Squire Hugueley at $65 per acre; the Harris place, 274¾ acres, to Dr. G. W. Evans at $23.70; the Duncan place, 77½ acres, to James Bennett at $46 30, and the White place, 139¾ acres, to John Bennett at $60 01 per acre.—[Richmond Herald.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED!

—FOR—

The People's Cyclopedia, Farm and Stock Cyclopedia, Thompson's Medical Adviser, Pioneer History.

—Address—

THE CAPITAL PUBLISHING CO.

66-1m] P. O. Box, 459, CINCINNATI, O.

BANK STOCK FOR SALE!

ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1885,

Circuit Court day, I will sell before the Court-House door in Stanford, **30 Shares** of stock in the First National Bank of Stanford.

63-1t **JACOB GUEST.**

Sale of Mares, Jennets, &c.

I will sell at public auction before the Court-House in Stanford on **Monday, October 26, '885,** Circuit Court day, a lot of stock consisting of a Stallion, Six Brood Mares, Two aged Jennets, One Jack and One Jennet Colt. Terms cash.

PEYTON EMBREE,

61-td Stanford, Ky.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

—MY HOUSE AND LOT

On Danville Avenue, in Stanford. The house contains 7 rooms, cellar and porch. Lot well improved, stable with 6 stalls, buggy house, wagon shed, coal and smoke houses and a 300-barrel cistern, all new and in good repair. Enquire on premises.

58-t **J. B. HIGGINS.**

POSTED.

This notice forewarns hunters, fishermen and tramps not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such acts are liable to be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Signed:

J. M. Martin, C. B. Sampson,
A. C. Tucker, Craig Lynn,
J. G. Lynn, J. L. Murphy,
H. D. Baughman, W. T. Tucker,
John & Jas. Smith, Adam Pence. (64-1m

Lincoln Circuit Court.

John T. Dudderar and Mary E. Dudderar, his wife, Exparte.

Notice is hereby given to whom it may concern that the petitioners, John T. Dudderar and Mary E. Dudderar, his wife, have this day filed their petition in the clerk's office of the Lincoln Circuit Court, praying that the Court empower the said Mary E. Dudderar to use enjoy, sell and convey, for her own benefit any property she may own or acquire, free from the claims or debts of her husband; to make contracts, sue and be sued as a single woman, to trade in her own name and to dispose of her own property by will or deed.

It is hereby ordered that this notice be published in the INTERIOR JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Stanford, Ky., by two weekly insertions before the next regular term of the Lincoln Circuit Court.

Given under my hand as clerk of said Court, this 20th day of October, 1885.

67-2t J. P. BAILEY, Clk. L. C. C.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF A—

Splendid Farm, Live Stock, &c.

I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at my residence, "Millwood," in Lincoln county, about 7 miles west of Stanford, 2 miles from Shelby City and 6 miles from Danville, on

Friday, October 30th, 1885,

My Farm, Live Stock, Crop, Farming Utensils, &c. The live stock consists of

One gray Mare and Colt, by Rienzi, and bred to Messenger Chief; 1 black Mare and Colt, by Rienzi, and bred to Rienzi; 2 Mares and Mule Colts, 1 reliable combined Horse, 1 harness Horse for family purposes, 2 Colts, 2 work Mules 3 years old 9 head of thoroughbred Cattle, fancy colors and well bred, 9 grade Heifers. 50 thoroughbred Southdown Sheep, a lot of Hogs; Also about 700 locust and cedar Posts and a lot of Hay, Corn and Oats

The Farm Consists of about 420 Acres

Of Land in excellent repair and in a high state of cultivation, splendidly watered by springs and ponds. The improvements consist of a large and commodious brick dwelling house, with good outbuildings and a new and convenient barn, with capacity for feeding at least 100 head of mules. It is one of the best grass and grain Farms in the Blue-Grass region.

TERMS.—For personalty, a credit of four months on note with good security, bearing interest from date and payable in bank. For the Farm, one-third cash; remainder in one and two years with interest. A good deed made and possession given January 1, 1886.

63 td **BEN. SPALDING.**

$ MONEY MADE! $

Good canvassers can make $4.00 to $5.00 per day canvassing for the "BIVOUAC" (the "coming" Southern monthly magazine). 20 Per Cent Profit. Regular price, $2.00 per year; will send 5 copies 12 months on receipt of $8.00. Sample Copies, 20 cents each.

Address "SOUTHERN BIVOUAC," E. F. Avery & Sons Louisville, Ky.

—The Stanford—

SKATING RINK

—WILL OPEN—

Friday Night, Oct. 30

—With a Full Supply of—

THE GLOBE SKATES,

—The Best and—

FINEST ON THE MARKET.

M'ROBERTS, & STAGG,

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,

Opera House Block, - - Stanford, Ky.,

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Lamps, Wall Paper, Books, Stationery, Soaps, Perfumery, Wines, Liquor, Cigars, Tobaccos, Fire Arms, Musical Instruements, Pocket Cutlery, Machin Needles.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Bichards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks promptly and in the best style.

THE CHEAP GROCER.

T. R. WALTON,

—DEALER IN—

THE BEST GOODS

AT LOWEST PRICES.

And Almost Any Other Article in the Grocery Line You May Call For.

—IN ADDITION TO GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, HE KEEPS—

Tin-, Glass- and Queensware, Tobacco and Cigars, Fruits and Confections,

Notions, Ammunition and Spices, Nails and a Good Deal of Other Hardware.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES: Baskets, Bags, Slates, Pencils, Pens and Holders, Ink, &c.

Corner Main and Somerset Sts. is the best place to buy.

Bryant and Stratton. —THE— LOUISVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Boop-keeping, Short-hand, Penmanship, Type-writing, Banking, Arithmetic, &c. It is the only College in this section wherein Book-keeping is taught as books are kept by the best book-keepers and bankers, and a thorough practical knowledge of account given. Has the largest and best arranged rooms of any College in the West. Thousands of successful graduates testify to the above. Graduates have no trouble in obtaining good situations. Call or address

Louisville Bryant & Stratton Business College,

Cor. Third and Jefferson, LOUISVILLE, KY.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

—I have received and still receiving—

NEW GOODS FOR FALL & WINTER

Comprising the best in the market, which will be

Gotten Up in Style and Make Second to None in City or Country.

Give Me a Trial.

H. C. RUPLEY.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

A SECOND MARRIAGE.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

His parishioners watched the Rev. Mr. Brown with peculiar interest as he left the grave yard, leading his two little girls by the hand. They wondered, knowing how much she had been to him, how he would endure the terrible blow of his wife's death. His face was like marble as the coffin was lowered into the grave; there was no outward sign of anguish, but no one doubted for a moment that he suffered keenly. He had been rather a mystery to his congregation always; but they knew him to be capable of deep feeling, in spite of his cold, impassive manner. A noisy, demonstrative show of grief would have been impossible to him. He was a man of great tranquillity of mind, and with little energy of disposition. He took all that Providence sent him very dutifully, without any effort to change or amend it, no matter how objectionable it might be; and he possessed in perfection the art of "putting up with" whatsoever befell him.

He was not a favorite with his flock; but he was by no means unpopular. The poor loved him, for his hand was always ready to go to his pocket at a tale of distress, limited as were his means, and his reproofs were always of the mildest sort. The rich, though they had little to say for him, had nothing to say against him. They invited him frequently to their houses, entertained him handsomely, and bore very complacently with his habit of falling into a brown study at the dinner table. As for the younger portion of his flock, his good looks, his rich chestnut hair, and dreamy eyes had early impressed them profoundly, and they sang his praises without stint.

It was a source of regret to many of the young ladies—and a few of the older ones—that Mr. Brown was a married man. Many years before he had come to the church at Barstow, he had wedded a gentle, sweet-tempered girl, who fairly worshiped him, and who proved herself a good wife and a devoted mother. Their wedded life had flowed on as calmly as a meadow brook, undisturbed by any petty domestic jars or troubles. It had never occurred to Mr. Brown that it might not go on so forever. He did not notice his wife's failing health, and as she was one of the kind who never complain, he was utterly unprepared for her death. It stupefied him; he could not understand it. It seemed to him incredible, impossible, and he felt bewildered and half puzzled even when he heard the sods falling on the coffin.

He went back to his lonely home with his two little girls, and shut himself up in his study, where he lay down on the well-worn lounge, a dull pain in his head. It seemed to him that his lost Laura must know how much he needed her. He could not realize that she was gone. He lay there, half-expecting to see her enter and to feel her tender touch on his brow, soothing away the pain as he had often done when he was brain weary. But hour after hour went by, and no one came near him, and he heard only the voice of his children as they talked loudly to the cook in the kitchen.

The next day he went out as usual, pursuing his accustomed round of duties as tranquilly and patiently as ever. His parishioners were loud in their expressions of admiration to each other as they saw how well he bore his great sorrow, and they were very kind to him, especially in the matter of advice. His "distressing situation" was the subject of debate in almost every house in Barstow. It was talked over at the meetings of the sewing circle, the reading club, and the Indian Relief association, and it was unanimously agreed that the best thing the poor widower could do was to employ a governess, who would also act as housekeeper and general manager.

But it was not an easy matter to find the right kind of a woman for the place, though there were many applicants for it. It was decided that only a middle-aged, respectable, quiet woman, who would be incapable of scheming to fill the late Mrs. Brown's place, and who would be competent to take charge of the little girls, would do, and such a one was hard to find.

It was Miss Anastasia Bowen who at length found just the right person, and as Mr. Brown was willing to do just what Miss Bowen thought best, that lady took the responsibility of installing Miss Susan Piper in the parsonage without further delay.

Miss Piper was neither old nor young; she had no pretensions whatever to good looks, and she was so exceedingly shy that if the minister spoke to her on even the most trivial topic she blushed as red as a peony. But these, said Miss Anastasia, were such trifling drawbacks as almost to be looked upon in the light of advantages under the circumstances.

Miss Piper was, as Mr. Brown soon saw, a very good women, exceedingly conscientious and painstaking. She did her best for the two little girls—healthy, happy, pretty little creatures of 9 and 11 years—who learned the simple lesson she gave them from pure love for her, not because they feared her displeasure.

Probably there was no lady in Barstow who took a deeper interest in the household affairs of the bereaved widower than Miss Anastasia Brown. She was, in spite of the fact that youth had long since left her, of a sentimental turn of mind, and the pale, high-bred face and gentle manners of Mr. Brown had inspired her with an intense admiration for him, which, after the death of his wife, ripened into an undisguised attachment which was patent to every one but the object of it. Not a chance did the spinster lose of seeing her idol, and scarcely a day passed that she did not run into the parsonage on one excuse or another.

But the minister, absorbed in his books and the memory of his dead Laura, was utterly and sublimely unconscious of the passion he had inspired. The idea of a second marriage had never entered his mind. He never even asked himself whether he liked Miss Bowen or not, but so constantly did she press her advice respecting every subject upon him that he grew to depend upon her in a great measure, and often consulted her upon different household and church matters, never touching, however, in any matter whatever upon the subject of matrimony.

The fact that she was making no headway in spite of her tireless efforts, in spite of the attentions she lavished upon the two little girls, at last dawned upon Miss Anastasia, and she set herself to work to discover the reason. She came to the conclusion, after a careful review of the ground, that Mr. Brown was too comfortable by far. Miss Piper attended most assiduously to his creature comforts, and the society of his children prevented any feeling of great loneliness.

"He wouldn't hold out a month if he was left utterly alone," meditated the ambitious lady. "If he had no one to see after him or to talk to, he'd be apt to think of me. There's no one else he'd turn to. He's one of the kind to take what comes nearest and is most convenient."

In which last conclusion Miss Anastasia was quite right, as my story will prove.

She decided that no time was to be lost, and that it was best to begin operations at once. So, after carefully mapping out a course of action, she repaired to the parsonage and asked boldly to see Mr. Brown privately.

Miss Piper, meek and humble as usual, exhibited no surprise at the request, but made haste to show the visitor at once into the minister's study, where he sat reading at his desk.

The intention of "having a talk" on some important subject was written plainly on her hard, lean face, and Mr. Brown laid down his book at once and prepared to listen to whatever she had come to say.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, Mr. Brown," began Anastasia, with a little nervous cough as she took a seat. She felt quite agitated, and an unwonted color brightened her sallow cheek. Her mission was so important, so much hung upon its success, that it was not strange she was not quite as calm as usual.

"No, oh no," answered Mr. Brown, with a faint sigh, as he glanced at his beloved book. "I am always glad to have you come. I hope there is nothing wrong?" anxiously.

"The truth is, Mr. Brown, I've come to see you about the girls. They are not managed as well as I could wish. Miss Piper is a good woman, but she can't have the authority a—a—mother would have, you know, and she lets them do about as they please, and they are growing up rude and wild."

Mr. Brown looked startled. It did not occur to him to question Miss Anastasia's statements. He took them in good faith always, being simple enough to believe her to have his interests at heart.

"Why, you were the one who recommended Miss Piper to me," he said at length, "and I have been well satisfied with her."

"She does the best she knows how," said Miss Anastasia, "but she hasn't sufficient authority to govern them properly. Ah, poor little creatures, they need the care of a mother."

This was a bold stroke. A flush rose to the minister's high, pale brow, but he gave no other sign of emotion. Any reference to his dead wife pained him, even now that she had lain in her grave two years, but of course he did not say so.

"You are very kind to take such an interest," he murmured a little indistinctly. "What would you advise?"

"I would advise their being sent to boarding school, Mr. Brown. I have a friend who keeps a very select seminary at Woodstock. She will be delighted to take charge of Flora and Annie, I am sure."

"I should not like to part with them," said Mr. Brown meditatively. "And—and—what would become of Miss Piper? I wouldn't like to hurt her feelings, and she loves the girls dearly."

"There'd be no cause for her to feel hurt. Tell her simply that force of circumstances compels you to dismiss her. A month's notice will be sufficient."

"It will be very unpleasant," said the minister in trepidation. "And where will she go? She has no home but this, and not a relative in the world."

"She must find another situation," said Miss Anastasia. "She can begin at once to look for one. You can tell her of the contemplated change this evening," and, after promising to write at once to the principal of the seminary at Woodstock, Miss Anastasia left, walking home in a state of bliss bordering on ecstasy. She felt sure that she had put in the first wedge that would lift her toward a home in the parsonage, and already began to plan the changes she would make in its arrangement.

But a shadow had been thrown over Mr. Brown's peaceful life. His soul was filled with despair unutterable at the thought of that conversation he must have with Miss Piper. The mere possibility of her shedding tears made a shudder run through his frame. He could not make up his mind to speak to her, and day after day passed, until it lacked only two weeks of the time when the seminary was to open. Then at last he spoke.

He came into the sitting-room, where she sat darning his socks by the light of a student lamp, the girls having gone to bed. She looked up in surprise as he entered, for he seldom left his study until midnight; but not the faintest intuition had she of the blow which was to fall upon her.

"Miss Piper," began the poor man, feeling profoundly wretched, "I—I—have decided to make a change."

"A change!" The sock Miss Piper was darning fell from her hand. She began to tremble, and her face turned deadly pale.

"Yes. Miss Anastasia thinks—and of course—I—it is all for the best, you know—Flora and Annie ought to go to school," faltered the minister.

"And you wish to give me notice, I suppose, sir," said the little governess in a tremulous, aggrieved tone, that stabbed Mr. Brown to the heart. "When do you wish me to leave, sir?" looking at him with a quivering smile.

"Oh, any time; suit yourself—your own convenience," stammered Mr. Brown.

"Do you want me to get the girls ready, sir," she asked, trying to speak cheerfully.

"If you will be so good," he answered. Her quiet resignation made him utterly wretched. He would rather have seen her hysterical or indignant a thousand times over.

"I will see to it, sir."

And then he left the room feeling like a criminal. But as he reached the study, he happened to think that Flora and Annie were yet to be told of the impending change. He would go back and ask the little governess to tell them for him, for he was sure of open rebellion.

He pushed open the door of the sitting-room again, but started back conscience-stricken, for Miss Piper, with her face buried in her arms, was kneeling by the sofa, while a melancholy sound of sobbing and crying, pitiful to hear, filled the room.

"My dear Miss Piper," he said forlornly, "I am so sorry———"

She started up, and tried to wipe away her tears with the sock which she still held.

"Excuse me, sir," she faltered, "I—I couldn't help it. I am so fond of the girls, you know, and I'd begun to feel so much at home here."

Mr. Brown walked up and down the room, with his hands clasped behind him and his head on his breast, for several moments without speaking. The sobs in the poor little woman's voice struck him to the heart. He was turning her out of her only home. And she had done her duty toward the girls, certainly.

"Suppose you stay here, Miss Piper," he said suddenly. "You can keep house for me, anyhow."

A deep flush dyed the pale face of the little governess.

"Oh, no, I couldn't, indeed," she cried, in a horror-stricken tone. "It would be impossible."

"You might—stay as my wife, Miss Piper," cried poor Mr. Brown, desperately.

"Oh, Mr. Brown, you don't mean it! You're just sorry for me, I'm sure," cried Miss Piper, the thought flashing through her mind, however, that perhaps it was love, and not pity, after all, and he had only just discovered the state of his heart as he was about to lose her. She had read of such things in novels. Why should it not be so in her case as well?"

"I—I—don't know—it is the only way you can stay," stammered Mr. Brown in a confused manner.

"Well, if you think it best," murmured the blushing little governess. "I'm sure I'll try to make you happy."

"I don't doubt that," said Mr. Brown.

And thus it was that the minister's second marriage came about.

I need hardly say that Miss Anastasia was furious. No words could adequately describe her surprise and chagrin. The very course she had taken with a view to installing herself in the parsonage had installed Miss Piper there. All her plans had come to naught. Her castles in the air had fallen to the ground with a crash. Her visits to the parsonage ceased entirely. She no longer considered it necessary to advise and counsel Mr. Brown.

The minister never found cause to regret his second marriage. The little governess proved a devoted, dutiful wife and a faithful stepmother, and she never dreamed on what a slender thread her happiness had hung, nor could imagine why it was that Miss Anastasia Bowen treated her as a mortal enemy.

—The grand total assessed value of Kentucky is $38,649,344.

Maud S.'s Fastest Half-Mile.

[Chicago News.]

Although the Associated press says that Maud S. made the fastest half-mile on record during her recent trot against time at Narragansett park, there is a tradition that has been accepted by horsemen hereabouts that a faster half-mile than 1:03¼ was trotted at Chicago five years ago. Strange as it may appear Maud S. herself participated in the event. If she could be consulted about the matter she would probably tell her present admirers that one pleasant afternoon, noteworthy in the trotting calendar as the day when she first beat 2:11, she trotted from the quarter-pole to the three-quarter pole in 1:03 flat. That was Sept. 18, 1880, and horsemen are fond of telling how the queen of the turf crushed all records, and almost outstripped time itself, on the Chicago track that day.

Two days before she had tried to beat 2:11¾, and failed by a quarter of a second. But on that auspicious day she started on her journey at a moderate gait, arriving at the quarter pole in 34¾ seconds. Then she straightened out for the half, and sped down the backstretch like a chestnut streak. The half-mile pole was reached in 30¾ seconds, and the spectators on the grand stand could hardly believe their stop watches. On she went along the lower turn at an amazing pace. When the three-quarter pole was reached all the watches showed 1:37¾ from the start. If the first quarter be subtracted from this it will show a faster half mile than was made at Narragansett park, or has ever been made anywhere else—to-wit: 1:03. Then she went on and completed the mile in 33 seconds—demonstrating that Maud S. was the fastest trotter in the world. She has gained little, if anything, in speed since then, although with greater maturity she has been able to lower the record two clear seconds.

PALABRAS CARINYOSAS.

[Thomas Bailey Aldrich.]

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings,
Good-night to fond, up-lifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth
And all the sweetness nestled there!
The snowy hand detains me—then
I'll have to say good-night again.

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by the porch
With my adieus. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now! And I.
You do not blush to wish it so!
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago.
What! both these snowy hands! Ah, then
I'll have to say good-night again.

THE REALITY OF ACTING.

Donna Sol's Views of the Art of Effective Acting.

[Sarah Bernhardt in L'Evenement.]

The calling of we "amateur" actors is a difficult one. Acting is an art that belongs to youth. At 15 one is ignorant of the rouge, the scenery, the wigs, the falsehood, and the claque. One hears love sing, one sees gallantry applaud, and one thinks it is attained.

Alas! alas! Phedre's chair is made of painted wood, Camille's fountain is in pasteboard. He who sings of love is too warm (a trop chaud). The sword of chivalry is blunted and the signal for delirium is given by the leader of the claque. Then falling from the heights of their dream many break their wings. But others rebound in their dream. They soar on forever in fiction and desire even though ("quand meme") that all may be attained. They work themselves into a fever, they triumph. The struggle will take place every day. Well, every day they struggle and never tire.

It is too generally believed that actors "let go" of their characters after ten or fifteen performances. The mistake is a gross one. Sophie Croizette, after the famous poison scene in "The Sphynx," remained for several moments quite pale and with chattering teeth. Sometimes she became insensible. And during 100 consecutive performances she never thought of mastering her emotions.

The tragedian Beauvailet shed hot tears every night in the forest scene of "King Lear."

Susanne Reichemberg, the pearl of actresses, was in a sickly state every time "Les Corbeaux" was played in the short mad scene.

Mounet Sully has had real hallucinations in the frenzies of Orestes.

One evening I was free and went to see Aimee Tessandier in her dressing-room after the sleep-walking scene of "Macbeth." I found her quite cold and still trembling. It was, however, the fiftieth performance of the great work.

Finally, for my part, I have never played Phedre without fainting or spitting blood, and after the fourth scene of "Theodora," in which I kill Marcellus, I am in such a state of nervousness that I go up to my dressing-room sobbing. If I do not weep and have a nervous fit, much more disagreeable for those who surround me and more dangerous for the objects within reach of my hand, my great comrades, the actors of life, will cry: "That is not great art!"

Or to translate, one must feel nothing. Diderot said so, Coquelin also. They were doubtless both right, and the proof is that Coquelin is an admirable actor and a very great artist. But what does it matter? I retain my madness. The others, les vibrants. We must needs believe in order to make others believe. Our real life is there in the incandescent green-room of every passion lived or dreamed of. It is the perpetual beating of the heart. The incessant working of the brain. The regret of never being perfect. The hope of becoming so. It is, in short, nevrose (disease of the nerves) to the last degree.

So, when we fall into real acting—that of life—we are like hare-brained creatures (hurluberlus). We miss our entrances, spoil our exits, our wig is all on one side and our costume is too simple and our great comrades are not indulgent. They treat us as "strolling players." No, no, indeed! Only we play the real comedy badly We don't disguise our art enough. Que voulez-vous? We are "amateurs."

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Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N.J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

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"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.
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boon ever bestowed upon man is perfect health, and the true way to insure health is to purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, 34 Arlington st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful

Blood

purifier, it is very much superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla. All persons of scrofulous or consumptive tendencies, and especially delicate children, are sure to be greatly benefited by its use." J. W. Starr, Laconia, Iowa, writes: "For years I was troubled with Scrofulous complaints. I tried several different preparations, which did me little, if any, good. Two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure. It is my opinion that this medicine is the best blood

Purifier

of the day." C. E. Upton, Nashua, N.H., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and unable to obtain relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles, am greatly benefited, and believe it to be the best of blood purifiers." R. Harris, Creel City, Ramsey Co., Dakota, writes: "I have been an intense sufferer, with Dyspepsia, for the past three years. Six months ago I began to use

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Lve. Covington	8 10 a m	8 10 p m	2 00 p m
" Falmouth	9 55 a m	9 34 p m	2 32 p m
" Cynthiana	11 02 a m	10 29 p m	4 37 p m
Arr. Paris	11 40 a m	11 00 p m	5 15 p m
" Lexington	12 37 p m	....	6 17 p m
Lve. Paris	11 45 a m	11 03 p m	5 25 p m
Arr. Winchester	12 30 p m	11 40 p m	6 10 p m
" Richmond	2 00 p m	....	7 25 p m
" Lancaster	5 13 p m	....	....
" Rowland	6 00 p m	....	....
Lve. Richmond	2 05 p m	....	....
Arr. Berea	3 30 p m	....	....
" Livingston	6 00 a m	....	....

North-Bound.	No. 11	No. 3	No. 1
Lve. Livingston	....	8 00 a m	....
" Berea	....	10 22 a m	....
Arr. Richmond	....	11 45 a m	....
Lve. Rowland	....	7 15 a m	....
" Lancaster	....	8 05 a m	....
Arr. Richmond	....	11 00 a m	....
Lve. Richmond	6 05 a m	1 25 p m	....
Arr. Winchester	7 05 a m	2 25 a m	....
Arr Paris	8 08 a m	3 25 a m	....
Lve. Lexington	7 25 a m	2 40 p m	4 20 pm
Lve Paris	8 20 a m	3 30 p m	5 20 pm
" Cynthiana	8 53 a m	3 58 p m	5 54 pm
" Falmouth	9 55 a m	4 46 p m	6 57 pm
Arr. Covington	11 30 a m	6 00 p m	8 45 pm

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Lve Covington		....	2 00 p m
" Lexington		7 25 a m	4 20 p m
" Paris		8 20 a m	5 25 p m
Arr Millersburg		8 47 a m	5 48 p m
" Carlisle		9 08 a m	6 10 p m
" Johnson		10 08 a m	7 07 p m
" Maysville		10 50 a m	7 50 p m

South-Bound.		No. 52 Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 54 Daily Ex. Sun
Lve Maysville	....	5 45 a m	2 45 p m
" Johnson	....	6 27 a m	3 28 p m
" Carlisle	....	7 26 a m	4 25 p m
" Millersburg	....	7 48 a m	4 47 p m
Arr Paris	....	8 15 a m	5 15 p m
" Lexington	....	9 10 a m	6 10 p m
" Covington	....	11 30 a m	8 45 p m

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